Seven Minutes

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by rotchama

Summary

Everyone who knew them knew that where Matt went, Ben followed.

Which was probably why no one was surprised when Ben dragged Matt into the circle forming in the spare bedroom to play a real game of spin the bottle.

Notes

I listened to blood orange's champagne coast & out of your league on repeat when writing this. It's also loosely inspired by Seven Minutes In Heaven by MSI.

This was a real party, floor sticky with spilled drinks, an *actual* beer-pong table, loud music, and enough alcohol and girls to make it feel like a coming-of-age plot point. Ben hadn't been to a party like this before, sure he'd seen *Animal House*, he'd watched it five times, three with Matt, but this was real, it was tangible and it smelled like beer, perfume and sweat.

Specifically, it was a going-away party for Rhys Wickham, one of Matt's old football teammates who'd been picked up by a sport talent agency in Pennsylvania and was leaving Boston in a week. The party was mostly made up of a bunch of graduates teetering at the edge of adulthood, bursting with future plans and cheap liquor. Ben, though slightly younger, felt conspicuously out of place. Even so, no one batted an eye when Matt brought him along. Everyone who knew them knew that where Matt went, Ben followed.

Which was probably why no one was surprised when Ben dragged Matt into the circle forming in the spare bedroom to play a *real* game of spin the bottle. Ben had already taken two Jell-O shots and was working his way through a second beer by the time he'd heard whispers of it. He'd been really excited about the girls, especially the ones on the cheer team.

"Matt." Ben whispers, gripping Matt's shoulders, his brown eyes wide and piercing, "This night is going to be life changing. I can just tell, y'know? I just know these things, I get a feeling, in my nuts." He grabs at his crotch, expression flat, tone deadpan.

Matt just laughs and takes a sip of his beer, reaching out to squeeze Ben's shoulder. "That sounds venereal. You should probably get that checked out buddy."

The ring forms and shifts, people shuffling on the carpet into a vaguely circular shape. Ben drops down between two girls, who'd only just noticed his presence. "Oh my god, you're just a baby," the blonde one coos, leaning in like she was inspecting a kitten. "So cute though. Like a little brother or something," the one with black hair adds, glossy lips pursed. Ben grins stupidly, drunk on the attention. He's surmised this means they want him. Matt watches on fondly, humored by Ben's misinterpretation of girl-isms.

Ben reaches for the bottle, mentally calculating how hard to spin it so it lands on either of the two girls next to him, until one of them, the blonde one, speaks up. "How about seven minutes in heaven? Kissing

is so *boring*." Ben shoots a wild look at Matt, his smile barely contained. Matt chuckles at the mental image of the girls playing patty-cake for the whole seven minutes, much to Ben's dismay.

Everyone in the circle seemingly agrees, so Ben spins the bottle, calculated, measured, precise. It lands on Matt. "Oh come *on*" Ben sighs, defeated, but shoots Matt a playful, exaggerated wink, clicking his tongue. The group laughs, someone wolf-whistles. They both stand up, leaving their bottles behind to mark their spots.

Ben shuffles in first, kicking the pile of clothes on the floor to the side and leaning against the adjacent shelves containing rows upon rows of snapbacks and baseball caps. Ben sneers, he's more of a jersey guy. He likes his hair way too much to hide it.

"Wait hey, I still have the rest of that joint, wanna ditch and go smoke instead?" Ben asks in-between biting his nails "I don't wanna hafta wait until my next turn."

“Nah, man,” Matt turns, shutting the closet door gently and flipping on the light. “I got a better idea.” He steps in close, backing Ben against the shelving wall, and kisses him. Ben freezes, eyes wide. He opens his mouth to speak, maybe ask why, but Matt’s already pulling back just enough to lean in, cheek to cheek, his breath warm against Ben’s ear as he murmurs, "they're gonna think we made out anyway, might as well do it. Besides, the girls see you as a snotty little kid, so it's not like you're getting any action tonight anyway." Ben frowns.

He leans back in and kisses Ben again, this time deeper and unchaste, pushing his tongue into his mouth. Ben reiterates, their tongues gliding against one another. Matt's hand's slip beneath Ben's shirt, finding purchase on his waist, hands radiating warmth on his exposed skin. Ben eases into the kiss, soft, uneven sounds slipping out between their mouths, the small space amplifying their breathy moans and quiet, wet sucks. Ben pulls Matt closer by his waist, their bodies pressed together.

Matt slides his hands up to Ben's chest, then down his torso, flattening out against his lower abdomen, fingers edging the seam of his boxers peeking out from his jeans, swirling the tresses of soft hair that trail down from his navel. His hand moves south to cup Ben's growing erection, pressing taut against the denim. "Jesus Affleck, you're really into this, huh?" he teases, groping him firmly. "I can't believe you're this hard from *just* kissing."

"Fuck you," he whines, embarrassed. Conscious of how his body is moving on impulse, grinding back desperately, chasing the friction of Matt's palm. He bites his lip, feeling the heat spreading across his face, his ears burning up. "Besides, *Damon*, you're the one who started it." His hands now repositioned to grip tightly to the shelf edge; his body arched.

"Never realised I could get you this worked up," Matt pauses, dramatically, "Wait— have you fantasized about this? S'that why you're so turned on right now even though I've barely touched you?" he asks provocatively, sucking lightly at Ben's throat. Ben scoffs, a sneer contorting his face. "Yeah Matty, you wish. It's just my dick, if you start touching it of course I'm going to get a stiffie," he snorts, "s'not like I've jizzed my pants, hate to break it to you, but you're not *that* talented." He's a good actor, Matt thinks, too bad his face is flushed red and his bottom lip is puffy.

"Nah, you're definitely wet, I know you've soaked through your boxers, man. Just admit it." Matt snarks, his eyes narrow, his smile coy. "Blow me." Ben snaps, growing agitated with the teasing. On command, Matt sinks down to his knees, hands sliding down's Ben's body, resting on the waistband of his ratty Levi's. "Thought you'd never ask" Matt mocks, popping the button of Ben's jeans and working on his zipper.

"M-Matt? *Fuck*" Ben startles, "Wh– now, here?" His eyes dart to the door — *no lock*.

"Relax, we've got like, 6 minutes still. And keep your voice down."

Ben's head falls back; he stares at the ceiling. *What the fuck?* Ben's not that drunk, Matt doesn't even look tipsy. But he feels good, really fucking good. *Friends do this shit all the time*, Ben postulates. After Matt finishes unzipping Ben's jeans, he presses his face to the front of the boxers, predictably damp with precum, mouthing at the raised outline of Ben's clothed erection.

"*Fuck, Matt–"*

Matt tilts his head up, brows furrowed. "I told you to shut up, they're right outside. Do you *want* them to hear us?" His eyelashes are pretty, his eyes are, too, beautiful and blue. Ben muses that he's cute when he's mad. For a second he actually ponders the thought, it was kind of hot, the idea that the others might hear them, might hear the obscene sounds they're making.

He nods though, curtly.

Matt fishes Ben's dick out of his boxers, already slick and leaking precum. Ben's always been considerably bigger, they've had enough post-gym showers together for him to know, but seeing it up close and fully erect was startling. He wets his lips, spit glistening in the dim light. Grabbing the base, his fingers enshrouded in thick, curly hair, he angles Ben's dick towards his parted lips. His tongue curls around the head, smearing the pearly beads. Ben's hand cups around his mouth, an audible clap rings out in the small space.

Ben is moaning, panting into his palm, his grip on the shelf making his knuckles turn white.

Suddenly, Matt's warm, wet mouth eases around the tip of Ben's cock, lips flushed pink. He looks up at Ben, their eyes meet, and Matt takes him completely into his throat, burying his nose into Ben's pubic hair. The smell of precum, sweat and body wash overwhelm his senses, causing him to groan around Ben, throat vibrating. Ben's eyes squeeze shut as his head falls back, a drawn-out, muffled moan escaping his mouth. He continues taking Ben's cock, working his way from the head back to the hilt. Spit and semen mix, bubbling at the edges of his mouth.

Matt leans back, tongue lathing across the underside of Ben's length before he pulls off completely with a lewd, wet pop, strings of viscous saliva keeping them linked. He spits onto his hand and wraps it around Ben's erection, stroking him, his palm slick with spit gliding over the top and twisting the way he likes himself, and from the sounds of it, so does Ben.

"No gag reflex. Shame it doesn’t come in handy with girls." He huffs a laugh, lips curling to a humble smile. "You can take back that snide lil remark about me not being talented now."

Ben wants to quip back, make a joke, or even give a compliment, but he can't. His head is spinning, the visual of blonde hair buried to the base of his cock is burned into his retinas, and the filthy wet sounds of Matt pumping his dick distracts him. it's all he can hear ringing out in the still room besides the rush of blood in his ears. Whatever noise is left from the party barely registers past the door — or maybe Ben’s just tuned it out — his focus fixated entirely on the vulgar acoustics echoing in the room. He only musters a positive mumble in response.

Matt takes Ben into his mouth again, making eye contact from below

his wet lashes as he teases the tip on his tongue, planting a kiss on it before taking him whole again. His hand slides up, gripping at Ben's thigh, the other traveling down to his own erection. Freeing himself from his jeans, he jerks himself off with the same spit-coated hand, matching the pace.

Ben brings his hand down to rest in Matt's hair, fingers sprawling out amongst the golden blonde locks, the other keeping a firm grip on the shelf, trying not to thrust into Matt's warm mouth. "*God*, Matt," Ben whimpers, halfway between a whine and a whisper. His hair is so soft, Ben runs his hand through it, trying to shift his focus to something else so he doesn't cum too quickly. He'd lied, Matt doesn't know it's actually his first time.

His eyes trail over Matt's face again, his eyelashes damp and clumped together, sanguine cheeks hollowed out, plush lips slick with spit that's spilling out and onto Ben's dirty converse. It's all too much, Ben feels the familiar headrush of an impending climax. "Please," he whimpers, "m'gonna cum," his hand tightening in Matt's hair, head falling back, his eyelids heavy.

Matt speeds up, he's so close too. He feels it when Ben's hip stutter and he holds Matt's head in place, but it still takes him by surprise. Ben's stomach tenses and his breathing stutters, releasing deep into his throat. Matt finishes into his hand, cum oozing out from between his fingers and onto the carpet. He pulls off Ben's dick, spit and cum stringing them together like a web. For a second it's quiet, intimate. Post-orgasm haze hitting Ben particularly hard.

"Man ew," Matt breaks the silence, sitting back on his heels, "your cum is fuckin' rank. You need more fruit." He wipes his hand on the carpet and tucks himself back into his jeans.

"Fuck off, like yours is any better. You eat the same shit as me." Ben follows suit, tucking his spent dick back into his damp boxers.

Matt's eyes narrow, "I actually drink water, *dumbass*."

"There's water in coffee, and beer, *genius*."

Matt rolls his eyes and stands up, using his grip on Ben's hip to steady himself. He brings them into a kiss, his tongue probing Ben's mouth, saliva mixing with semen. Ben's eyebrows furrow, he actually *winces*.

"Oh my god, gross, that *is* bad."

Matt laughs, genuine and warm. He moves his hands around Ben, sliding them into his back pockets and feeling around for a bit before pulling them back out.

"Wanna finish it off now?" He presents the crumpled, half-smoked joint, rolling it playfully between his fingers, biting down on his lip with a toothy grin.

"In here? Dude, Rhys is gonna kill us."

Matt places it in his mouth and pulls out his dented zippo, flipping the cap and sparking it, warm light illuminating his face as he feeds the singed end into the flame. He takes a drag and puts the lighter back into his pocket, turning to Ben and passing him the roach.

"Okay, would you rather come up with another reason we spent the whole seven minutes in here? Besides, I'm sure Rhys *also* wouldn't be happy that I blew you in his closet." He licks his lips, grinding the wet spot on the carpet between them with the tip of his tennis shoe.

"Touché." Ben shrugs, chastened, a crooked smile forming behind his fingers as he inhales.

They sink to the floor, burning their way through the stub until the door handle rustles, Matt almost falling back when it swings open. "Times up, you lovers hav– Hey!" an inebriated Rhys shouts, playfully. "You fuckers! All my clothes are gonna stink of skunk weed now!"

"They already reek of BO, if anything, it's an improvement." Matt jabs back with a smirk, pushing himself up and heading for the living room. Ben follows suit, tossing him a musty pair of underwear from the floor. "Send us the dry-cleaning bill, yeah?" Shooting him a cheeky wink. The girls in the circle erupt with a chorus of laughter as Rhys scrambles to save face, mumbling something about laundry day. Matt wraps his arm around Ben, grasping his shoulder, a familiar gesture that feels more intimate now than before. He doesn't think of his next turn.

They find themselves in the dingy kitchen, various bottles of liquor scattered upon a relocated dining table covered in a sticky, wet tarp. Ben walks over to the selection and grabs a bottle of something clear, pouring a little too much into a shitty paper cup and sniffing before downing it without ceremony, nose scrunched up. He hisses at the burn, the acrid aftertaste lingering on his tongue. All he can think about is how he *doesn't* want to think too much about *anything* right now.

Matt watches him go for a second round with an amused smirk, turning away to rummage through the fridge. The inner incandescent bulb glows low, flickering over the stocked array of drinks. Matt pulls out two bottles of beer, "Maybe slow down a little, hey?" He nudges Ben, handing him the glass. He hops up onto the counter, leaning forward to rest his elbows on his knees. Ben joins him, instead leaning back against the wall, ducking his head under the cabinets. He's playing with the bottle cap, thumbing the serrated edge and watching the condensation drip down the neck. For the first time, Ben feels like he's muted, like nothing he could say right now would even make an audible sound.

They sit back, taking in the party and nursing their cheap lagers. People watching was something they'd always enjoyed doing, making up stories and ad-libbing fights between couples. But right now; they just sat and watched, melting into the scenery, watching from afar like nature documentarians. Ben shifted his focus to Matt, the way his profile looked, backlit by the party lights, how it shone through his hair. Matt's face is unreadable, he seems disengaged, gaze loose, distant. Ben wonders if he's already picturing Harvard. Matt was ready to move forward. Ben wasn't ready to let him go.

"Saw a balcony on the drive here," Matt says after a while, sliding off the counter. "I need a smoke. You coming?"

Matt's already headed for the outside. Like a dog, Ben obediently follows.

They seemingly slip past the living room crowd undetected, pulling back the dusty curtains to unlatch the window, crawling out onto the old black metal grating that groans and creaks under their shared weight. The fire escape is tiny — a shelf, barely enough room for one person, let alone two. *Balcony, what a joke*, Ben thinks, shutting the window behind him.

"Shit," Matt curses, patting his pockets, "I don't have my cigs. You got yours, yeah?"

"Yeah, here." Ben passes him the dented pack of Marlboro lights, fishing one out for himself. "Light?"

They smoke together in silence on the small metal frame, white plumes curling, lingering in the hazy glow of the streetlights. The warm days of June always made way for a cooler evening, with gusts of air picking up speed in the narrow space separating the tightly

packed buildings, carried in off the Charles. Around them, windows glow with life. The street hums below, warmth rising from the concrete and tarmac, heat baked in from the sun. Standing so close together, Ben can also feel the heat emanating from Matt's skin.

He feels restless, there's a knot in his throat but he isn't sure what he wants to say. They've been separated plenty, sure, but this feels different. Harvard is a whole new world, he's scared that Matt might decide Hollywood isn't where he sees himself, isn't where he can imagine a stable future. He's terrified of Matt replacing him with someone smarter, more affluent; something Ben *isn't*. He takes another drag and crosses his arms, the fire slowly eating away at the paper, turning it to ash.

"D'you think Harvard's gonna change you?" It comes out too quick, raw, he can't curb the worry that lines his voice, "You're not gonna become all like– all preppy or whatever, yeah?"

Matt stubs his cigarette out on the railing, ash and embers peppering off the sides, sighing. "Dude, relax. I'm not gonna ditch you for some rich jackass with a trust fund." He shifts his jaw like he's chewing on his words, "I want what you want." He flicks the crumpled butt off the edge, turning to face Ben. "Seriously."

The silence hangs between them, but with a distinct lack of emptiness. Ben lets the quiet wash over them, savoring the comfort he feels in the wake of Matt's reassurance. He tries to bury the thought that maybe he shouldn't be holding on so tight. He wants to live inside this moment a little longer, pretend it's enough, but it's the next question that burns in his throat like bile.

Ben scratches at his jaw, "Earlier, did that–" He trails off, the words lingering on his breath like smoke. He draws a sharp inhale, shaking his head with a pained grimace. "Forget it."

Burdened with a hangnail, Ben chews at the side of his thumb, switching between nipping at the skin and pulling on his cigarette, anything to keep his mouth occupied. The silence makes the fire escape feel like a cage, one he wishes would warp and crumble beneath their feet right now.

After some time, Matt just shrugs, leveraging his grip on the creaky railing to lean back. "I wasn't like, tryna mess with your head or, whatever." His fingers strum against the metal, head tilting to the side, looking at Ben through his lashes. "I just thought it could be fun

y'know, something to try, I didn't think it had to mean anything."

Ben gives a brisk nod, tapping off the ash before flicking the singed filter away. "No, I– I won't make it weird." He forces a smile, trying mostly to convince himself, but the way his voice wavers betrays him; he wasn't expecting it to hurt like this. Looking up towards the night sky, he tries — and fails — to find any stars, the dark void stretching on, taunting in its emptiness.

But the weight of it strains, presses on his stomach, contorts it. His face burns, red stretching across his cheeks like a rash. He feels nauseous. He balls his fist, nails digging into the soft meat of his palm. *Of course it didn't mean anything.*

Matt's older, he's already got his foot in the door. Ben still hasn't caught up. He's increasingly aware of the age difference, two years never mattered much before, but it's completely different now. Ben is terribly insecure and wholly terrified of coming off as clingy, needy.

The music inside carries faintly through the closed screen, laughter and chatter spilling out in muffled bursts. But out here, alone together on the balcony, the quiet envelops them, suffocating. He clears his throat, an attempt to fill the space; it doesn't. He can't look at Matt, so he looks down at his shoes like maybe that'll ground him.

"It's getting cold. We should probably head in."

"Mm," Matt hums, "I'm getting pretty tired. Wanna head home?"

"Yeah," Ben chokes, "jus' gimme a min."

Matt squeezes his shoulder as he turns to leave, his hand lingering a second too long. Warmth dissipating as quickly as it appeared. Bringing his hand to his mouth, he can still smell Matt's shampoo between his fingers. Ben barely registers the sound of the window shutting as his head spins, humiliation and reticence churning in his stomach, mouth welling with saliva.

He leans over the railing and throws up.

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